

## A CLOSE SHAVE.

An English Gentleman's Experience  
With an Elephant.

### A HOLLOW TREE

Saves Him From the Beast, But Comes Nearly  
Being His Tomb—Cured of Elephant Hunt-  
ing and His Hair Turned Grey—An Interest-  
ing Narrative of a Hunt in a Burma  
Forest.

A gentleman has lately returned from India to England, who vows that never again will he engage in the exciting sport of hunting big game. He has lost his nerve, and his hair is streaked with grey. A short time ago it was dark brown. It happened this way:

Mr. Nestall—so he is called in this narrative—and two friends, the three mounted on a couple of elephants, were passing through a wood in Burma, when they saw tracks of wild elephants, and decided to bag one or more if possible. No long period elapsed before the herd was sighted, and it was found to comprise 10 females and calves, and a huge bull. When maneuvering to secure a shot at short range, the herd got the wind of the sportsmen, and the leader advanced to reconnoiter and if necessary defend his charges.

The most carefully trained elephants are never absolutely trustworthy, but are liable to sudden fits of nervousness. Such an occurrence took place on this occasion, and resulted in a senseless stampede, the wild tusker, attracted by the commotion and determined to make the intruders pay dearly for their temerity, following heavily in the rear. In the frenzied rush through the dense forest Mr. Nestall was swept off his mount by an overhanging branch, and found himself, much shaken, defenseless on the ground. On the one hand could be heard the clatter of his departing comrades, and on the other the advance of the infuriated wild elephant of great proportions. It says much for Nestall's presence of mind that, dazed as he was, he at once grasped the situation and recognized that safety lay not only in ascending a tree, but also in selecting a stem of suitable thickness from whence he might in confidence await the return of a rescuing party. Near at hand he espied the dead trunk of a large tree, and separated from it only by a foot or two stood a sapling of convenient size for climbing. In a moment (one's brain works rapidly at such times) Mr. Nestall had swarmed up the sapling and sat, at a height of some 15 feet from the ground, on the edge of the dry stump, which he now for the first time ascertained to be hollow.

Soon the wild elephant arrived under the tree, saw Mr. Nestall, and made a charge at the sapling. The result was that Mr. Nestall lost his balance and fell into the hollow tree, where he found himself in temporary security, while the tusker outside was continuing his search for the enemy who had so miraculously disappeared. By degrees, however, as the excitement wore off and he began to feel wearied and sore from his unusual experience, the prisoner found his forced confinement irksome and wished for some way of escape. He learned that the soil on which he stood was composed of masses of rotten wood and fungus which raised him above the earth level, but still not sufficiently to enable him to reach, either by stretching or jumping, any hold for his hands on the edge of the trunk. He then endeavored to pile the debris of decaying wood to one side so as gradually to raise himself after many efforts, he remained unsuccessful, for the standing room was so limited that there was no space to build a mound large enough for his requirements. Up till now he had not thought seriously of his position, but when it dawned upon him that with-out help there could be no exit from his living tomb the depression and terror which suddenly overwhelmed him amounted almost to despair.

The sun was now setting, and the forest was deathlike in its stillness; the air became cold and damp, and, to add to the pangs of hunger and thirst which now commenced to assail him, he had to contend against the pain of bruises, which during the first excitement he had hardly noticed. Knowing that it would be useless to waste his strength in futile endeavors to escape from his prison, he decided to lose no chance, but to pass the night wakefully, shouting at intervals, though he had faint hope that he could be relieved before daylight, or that the sound of his voice would penetrate far into the forest. Alternate periods of despair and hope—the latter growing shorter as his strength failed in the struggle against cold and pain—were happily followed by the sleep of exhaustion.

When Mr. Nestall awoke the day had broken and a new fear gripped his heart. Had his companions returned and passed him by when sleeping? In a frenzy he shouted and beat his prison walls with hands and feet till obliged from weakness to desist. Then he felt indifferent to his fate, and passed hours in a state of exhaustion and stupor which he mistook for resignation. That it was not so was proved when at noon the sun poured its vertical rays upon him; the intense heat aggravating all his sufferings, which now became intolerable. Then, once more rebelling against fate, he wasted his strength and energy in despairing

efforts for freedom, leaping against the side of the tree, clinging with bleeding hands to any small projection, but only to fall back time after time, and finally to acknowledge that his fate was stronger than he.

It was late that afternoon when his dulled senses first heard in the distance the tones of the wooden bells which in Burma all trained elephants carry suspended from their necks. The sound came as might a sudden reprieve to a wretch about to suffer at the hands of the executioner, but the revival of hope was almost as much of a shock as had been in the first instance the recognition of his hopeless position. Again he had to pass through the agony of uncertainty. Would his friends arrive within saving distance of his position? Would they hear his feeble cries for assistance? He determined to wait to husband his strength; to shout only when he judged that his rescuers were near enough to hear him. Meanwhile the sonorous tones of the wooden bells continued, and even appeared to come closer and closer—then ceased altogether? Evidently a halt had been called and matters were being discussed. When the sounds were resumed they appeared to Mr. Nestall to be fainter; he listened intently, and in a few seconds was convinced of this fact.

He knew then that his life depended on the results of the next few minutes; he shouted again and again for help until his cries died away in almost inarticulate moans of despair; then he remembered nothing more till he awoke to find himself lying in the shady forest, and liberated him, who had heard him, and liberated him, were applying the simple remedies they possessed in the endeavor to restore him before they reached their little camp, and Mr. Nestall sank into a sleep, broken all too frequently by sudden awakenings to the horror of despair till he recalled the circumstances of his escape and present safety.

### JULIAN RALPH

Points Out Differences in Language  
as Spoken in England and U. S.

Most people are aware of the fact that the English language, as spoken in the United States, and the same language, as spoken in England, have many points of dissimilarity; but many American globe-trotters even will be surprised to see how varied are the terms employed in the two countries for the common affairs of life when these variations are gathered together in brief compass, as is done by Julian Ralph. For instance: "If you ask a guest at your home in England whether he likes his meat rare, he asks what you said, because he does not understand you. He calls meat underdone when it is not thoroughly cooked. If you tell him you fear the asparagus is canned, he is at a loss again, because he would have said it was tinned. To ask him to pass the powdered sugar will again set him to wondering, for he calls it icing sugar, generally, though he knows that it is sometimes called caster or sifted sugar. And if you have candy on the table you may not call it so without betraying your foreign origin, for he calls candy 'sweets,' abbreviated from 'sweetmeats,' and used to designate all preserves, puddings, pies, candies, and jams.

"To go farther along the eccentricities of English at the dining-table, most persons know, I suppose, that the beet is called beet-root, cornstarch is corn flour, corned beef (or a particular cut of it) is called 'silversides of beef,' and napkins are serviettes.

"If in a shop I say, 'I want a paper of pins,' the clerk says, 'Thank you. A great many Americans in London, now, aren't there?' 'Oh, yes,' I say; 'I meant a packet of pins.' To ask for a spool of cotton is to set a clerk to staring at you, and to speak of a baby-carriage is to speak of the unknown, because spools of cotton or silk are called reels, and baby-carriages are known as perambulators—shortened to 'prams' in the speech of millions."

Mr. Ralph conducts us on a shopping tour in London that we may listen to the strange language of the shop and store—a store being always a department-store in England. He writes: "Now, when the American reader knows that a whisk, or egg-whisk, is an egg-beater, a coal-scoop is a wash-rag, a face-cloth is a small thin rubber, a footbath is a small tub for washing the feet, a body is a long bodice (just as the slang of the shops and masses makes chemise into 'shim'); when he learns that 'the roughs' are chapped hands, a block of paper is a pad, a camisole is a corset-cover, a preserver is a dress-shield, knickers are knickerbockers, or drawers, in Americanese—then he will get a great deal of light on what this very foreign-speaking, foreign-thinking lady has been doing. She washes her hands and face by the aid of a jug and basin, because she never heard those utensils called a wash-bowl and pitcher. With some of the English the word pitcher only describes little jugs, but none of the servants I have at present ever heard the word pitcher used at all. As for a bowl, all over England it is a thing in which to serve food. The lady of my story calls a letter-box a pillar-box, just as she calls a lamp-post a lamp-pillar; and what we call a doctor is always a medical man in her mind, though she may have heard that the Americans even apply the title doctor to surgeons and to dentists, who are plain 'mist'ers in England."

Charles Dickens, we are told, had no idea of the real cockney lingo, to judge from his books. "What he set down as the speech of the masses I never once heard in London, and what the cockney lingo really is he gives no hint of in a single line that I can recall in all his books. Had he been dealing realistically with his characters, he could not have made Master Charles Bates say, 'Pray, pray, send them back; the old lady will think I stole them,' because what the thief must have said is, 'Pray, send,' etc.; 'the hold lily will think I stole 'em.' Dickens makes Bates say, 'Hold me while I laugh it out,' whereas we all know he must have said, 'Old me while I laugh it out.'"

## ABOUT WASHINGTON.

Some Useful Information of the  
City for Visitors.

The Sunday Globe is now mailed to many States and Territories. It is also the favorite Sunday morning paper of visitor and resident alike. In view of these facts, The Sunday Morning Globe will keep standing the following useful information, both as a guide to visitors and an advertisement of the Capital of the Nation:

Washington City is divided into four sections, viz: Northeast, Northwest, Southeast and Southwest.

The four streets which run due North, South and East (the West line being imaginary), from the center of the capital, and named respectively North, South and East Capitol streets, and these Capitol streets are the dividing lines of the four sections of the city as named.

All streets in each section of the city are either lettered or numbered streets.

All avenues run at angles to the streets, and radiate from the Capitol, the White House, and several of the larger parks. These avenues are named for various States.

Every street running East and West are lettered streets, those running North and South are numbered streets.

All lettered and numbered streets are duplicated in each of our four sections.

Each front of every square has 100 numbers allotted to it, thus—beginning at East Capitol street, and going north (in any street running north of same) the first house on the right will be No. 1. On the second square the first house will be No. 100, and so on to the end of the street.

In like manner the numbers run from East Capitol street (on all streets running south of same).

In the same manner all streets in all sections of the city start and number from a Capitol street. The odd numbers are always on the right-hand side, and the even numbers on the left-hand side in every street, as you start from a Capitol street in either section of the city.

The house numbers on the various avenues correspond to those of the street to which they run nearest parallel.

Some of the avenues extend through two sections of the city, but the house numbers are not discontinued thereby, as all numbers begin at a Capitol street, whether on an avenue or street.

By this system of numbering houses, any desired locality or number can be readily found in either section of the city.

Short streets and places running through the center of a square have the same numbers as the streets between which they run, thus—Madison street in the Northwest section is between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets, and the first house on that street is number 1700.

Washington is really a cosmopolitan city, its population embracing people from all parts of the United States, and Representatives from all civilized nations.

It is rapidly becoming the great center for holding conventions, assemblies and reunions, and the chosen city for institutions of learning.

It has the largest library, and the most scientific and historical collections in the country.

It is a mecca of American thought in all its phases.

The general opinion outside of Washington is that it is of no account as a manufacturing city, but the following will show that it stands well in comparison with other cities.

Capital employed, \$28,876,000.

The various trades representing Stair builders, Carpenters, Painting and Paper Hanging, Copper, Tin and Sheet Iron, Plumbing and Gas Fitting, Lumber Mills, Marble and Stone Works, Masonry, Brick, Plaster and stucco work number 553, and the number of establishments of every kind in the city numbers 2,300 and employ over 23,000 hands.

The city of Washington was incorporated in 1802.

The present system of numbering houses was adopted in 1809.

The shade trees of the city began to develop their proportions and beauty in 1880.

Public buildings of Washington have already cost over \$100,000,000.

When the corner-stone of the Capitol was laid in 1793 the country around Washington was practically an unbroken wilderness.

The Government offices were first opened in the city of Washington in the year 1800 and Congress met there for the first time in that year.

There are 331 Reservations all told, including the great Mall, which extends from the Capitol to the Potomac River, a distance of over two miles, the whole covering an area of over 900 acres.

These parks and reservations are bountifully supplied with every known kind of tree and shrub, and number over 1,000 varieties. About 3,000,000 ornamental foliage and flowering plants and shrubs are annually propagated in the Government Propagating House, and in the spring months are transplanted into the various parks throughout the city.

Fountains abound everywhere, and provision is made for the weary, on the 1800 settees which are annually placed in the choicest and shadiest parts of the parks.

CIRCLES, SQUARES AND PARKS. Garfield Park—South Capitol, Third and E Streets Southeast. Botanical Park—Pennsylvania Avenue, opp. Capitol Northwest. Marine Park—South Carolina Avenue, Fourth and Sixth Streets Southeast.

Stanton Park—Massachusetts and Maryland Avenue, Fourth and Sixth Streets Northeast.

Seward Park—Pennsylvania and North Carolina Avenues, Fourth and Sixth Streets Southeast.

Mount Vernon Park—I and K, Ninth and Tenth Streets Northwest. Lincoln Park—East Capitol, Eleventh and Twelfth Streets Northeast. Franklin Park—13th, 14th, I and K Streets Northwest.

Lafayette Park—Pennsylvania Avenue, 15th, 17th and H Streets Northwest.

Grand Army Place—Rear of the White House.

Judiciary Park—Indiana Avenue, G, 4th and 5th Streets Northwest. Dupont Circle—Massachusetts and Connecticut Avenues, 19th and P Streets Northwest.

Iowa Circle—13th and P Streets, Vermont and Rhode Island Avenues Northwest.

Scott Circle—16th and N Streets, Massachusetts and Rhode Island Avenues Northwest.

Washington Circle—23d and K Streets, Pennsylvania and New Hampshire Avenues Northwest.

Thomas Circle—14th and M Streets, Pennsylvania and New Hampshire Avenues Northwest.

Hancock Circle—16th Street extended.

Farragut Square—17th between I and K Streets Northwest.

Folger Square—D Street between 2d and 3d Streets Southeast.

McPherson Square—15th Street between I and K Streets Northwest.

Rawlings Square—New York Avenue, E, 18th and 19th Streets Northwest.

STATUES.

Washington (by Greenough)—East front of the Capitol.

Washington, Equestrian—Washington Circle.

Jackson, Equestrian—Lafayette Pk. Scott, Equestrian—Scott Circle. Green, Equestrian—Stanton Park. Thomas, Equestrian—Thomas Circle. Dupont—Dupont Circle. Emancipation—Lincoln Park.

Farragut—Farragut Square. Garfield—1st street and Maryland Avenue Southwest.

Henry—Smithsonian Grounds. Lafayette—Cor. Pennsylvania Avenue and Madison Place Northwest.

Logan—Iowa Circle. Luther—14th Street and Vermont Avenue Northwest.

Lincoln—Four-and-a-half Street, opp. City Hall.

McPherson—McPherson Square. Marshall—West of the Capitol. Rawlings—Pennsylvania Ave. and 9th Street Northwest.

Peace—Pennsylvania Avenue, near the Capitol.

Sheridan—Arlington Cemetery.

### A STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE.

Modern Tragedy That Recalls the  
Story of Geneva.

Strange hiding places are not always voluntary. There was a pathetic tragedy not many years ago at Nottingham, which recalls the famous story of "Geneva." A little girl was suddenly missed from her home, and for days the mystery of her disappearance baffled her parents and the police. At the end of the fourth day, when all hope had been abandoned, it was noticed that an old grandfather's clock in a lumber room had fallen from its place, and, quite carelessly, a member of the household stooped to raise it. Underneath was the missing child. Hiding herself in the clock, she had caused it to fall from its place, and had been imprisoned by its falling. Four days of hunger and cold had left her all but lifeless, and the child was restored to her friends only to pass away in a few hours.

### The Palace of William I.

The palace of William I., in Berlin, is kept in just the condition in which he left it, and in the bedroom is still to be seen the simple iron army bedstead in which he always slept.

The finest fan in Christine Nilsson's famous collection is that given her by the Thakore Sahib Morri. It is made of gold and is plumed with costly feathers held in place by jewels.

John B. French has, at the age of 80 years, been re-elected city clerk of Galena, Ill., an office which he has held for 40 years. His father was city clerk for four years before him, and died in office.

Justice Martin J. Keogh, of the Supreme Court of New York, visited the Four Courts, Dublin, the other day, and for some time occupied a seat on the bench in Nisi Prius Court 1 with Justice Barton.

Maurus Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, retains his youthful attitude and outlook upon life in a wonderful way. Ibsen is reported recently to have said of him: "I would give much if I were as young as Jokai."

According to a London report Prince Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, maternal uncle of the reigning Duke, has contracted a morganatic marriage and renounced his rank and all claims to the succession to the duchy.

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